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Title: Three Ravens

Author: Silent Poet  
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There were three ravens  
sat on a tree,  
Down a down, hey down,  
hey down  
They were a black as  
black might be,  
With a down.  
The one of them said to

his mate.  
"Where shall we our  
breakfast take?"  
With a down, derry,  
derry, derry down, down.

Down in yonder green  
field,  
Down a down, hey down,  
hey down  
Their lies a knight slain  
under his shield,  
With a down.  
His hounds they lie down  
at his feet  
So well they do their  
master keep.  
With a down, derry,  
derry, derry down, down.

His hawks they fly so  
eagerly  
Down a down, hey down,  
hey down  
No other fowl dare him  
come nigh,  
With a down.  
Down there comes a  
fallow doe  
As heavy with young as  
she might go.  
With a down, derry,  
derry, derry down, down.

She lifted up his bloody  
head,  
Down a down, hey down,  
hey down  
And kissed his wounds

that were so red,  
With a down.  
She got him up upon her  
back  
And carried him to  
earthen lake.  
With a down, derry,  
derry, derry down, down.

She buried him before  
the prime,  
Down a down, hey down,  
hey down  
She was dead herself ere  
even-song time,  
With a down.

God send every gentleman  
Such hawks, such hounds,  
and such leman,  
With a down, derry,  
derry, derry down, down.